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Buy  
A  
Fine  
Watch  
Except  
From

**WRIGHT,  
KAY, &  
COMPANY,  
IMPORTERS AND JEWELERS  
DETROIT.**  
Detroit, Bay City & Alpena R.R.

**Detroit to Alpena.**

Miles.	Mail and Express.	Express.
Detroit, leave.	9	10 00
Bay City, arrive.	108	2 00
Alpena, arrive.	148	3 15

**Detroit, Bay City & Alpena R.R.**

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# Alpena Weekly Argus

VOL. XVII, NO. 45.

ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 877.

**BE SURE AND CALL**  
**ON**  
**BEACH & ALGER,**  
Water Street, Johnson's Block, Alpena, for anything you may want in the  
line of  
**MILL and LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.**

**A LARGE STOCK OF**  
Saws, Axes, Cut-hooks, Pike Poles, Pry-bars, Chains, Iron, Sleigh Shoes, Steel, An-  
vils, Vices, Blacksmith Tools, Lumber, Horse Blankets, Saddle Pads, Collar  
Pads, Halters, Lines, Hame Straps, Back Straps, Bridles, Circles,  
Hame Covers, Camp Stoves, and everything you may need in this line.  
We are also Agents for the

**GARLAND STOVES,**  
Known everywhere as the WORLD'S BEST and Cheapest line of Cooking and Heating stoves, which  
can be seen and found at

**BEACH & ALGER'S.**

**The Climax Cellar Drainer.**

Guaranteed to keep your cel-  
lar dry all seasons of the year.  
Works Perfectly Automatic and Re-  
quires no attention after once set up.  
It works perfectly where the bot-  
tom of cellar is below street sewer  
and will allow shallow and filled  
cellar to be dug out and made any  
depth.

Capacity of Drainage 300 bbls Daily.  
Sold exclusively by

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Residence at C. W. Richardson's, State street.

**J. H. DUNLOP, M. D., C. M. P. G.**  
House Physician and Surgeon Alpena Hospital.  
Graduate of medical department of the University  
of the City of New York, and graduate of the  
Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto, Canada.

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**Dr. W. E. ZIEGENFUS,**  
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**Dobbin's Electric Soap.**

**THE BEST FAMILY SOAP**  
IN THE WORLD.

It is strictly Pure, Uniform in Quality  
and contains no harmful ingredients. It is the  
best soap ever made. It is the only soap  
that is so good for the skin and so cheap.

It contains nothing that can injure the  
skin or the hair. It is the best soap for  
the face and the body.

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**WIT AND HUMOR**

The out-field—Cyrus W.—Ex.  
Out on the fly—the spider.—Ex.

Full of airs—a music book.—Star.  
Simple politeness—A bough of a  
tree.—Ex.

Spring is inaptly named. It should  
have been called Crawl to signify its  
manner of ushering in.—Ex.

Many a man gets caught in the  
matrimonial knot who regrets that he  
monkeyed with the lass.—Ex.

A young lady has named one of her  
admirers Hoarse Tunnel because he  
is such an everlasting bore.—Warren  
Mirror.

Brown—Does your wife keep her  
temper very well?  
Jones—Um—um—er some, but I  
get the most of it.—Ex.

She—Darling, do you love me?  
He [kissing her rapturously and re-  
peatedly]—Do I? I wish you were a  
two-headed girl. That's all I can  
say.—Tid-Bits.

"Don't call me 'Ducky,' John."  
He [kissing her]—You're a ducky. "It  
is too suggestive."  
"Why, precious?"  
"Because ducks always waddle, you  
know."—Hotel Mail.

A man who was about to be hang-  
ed in Alabama sang: "Oh, the Bright  
Angels are Waiting For Me." Where-  
upon the local editor wrote, "And  
the angels stirred up the fire and  
looked brighter."—Ex.

"Hi, didn't I tell ye the blasted  
Hammericans were afraid of the Ge-  
nests?"  
"Yes, but—"  
"Well, then, 'ere's a telegram as  
says the Puritan ran right away from  
yer, ye know."—Ex.

Mr. Gotham—Would you like to  
see "Pygmalion" to-night, Miss Por-  
cine?  
Miss Porcine—Yes, very much.  
Mr. Gotham. I believe in encourag-  
ing anything connected with the great  
hog industry.—Puck.

Guest [to landlord]—Are you sure  
landlord, that this is a spring chicken?  
Landlord—Yes, sir. That chicken  
is from my own farm; it was born in  
March.

Guest—Oh, that explains it. You  
know March is a tough month.—Ex.

"Is that all that you can give me,  
mamam," pleaded the tramp, "a dip-  
perful of water?"  
"Why, no, certainly not," replied  
the woman with a big heart; "you  
can have as many dipperfuls as you  
like."—New York Sun.

Biggs—Look at me, look at my eye,  
I say! and see what your much vaun-  
ted education of women has done for  
me?  
Fogg—You don't mean to say it has  
swelled your head like that?  
Yes, I do; my wife has been tak-  
ing boxing lessons.—Ex.

Pretty Creature—Yesterday was  
my birthday, dear; and my Charlie  
gave me a string of such beautiful  
pearls—one for every year.  
Second ditto [who has failed to se-  
cure Charlie]—How sweet, dearest.  
What an expensive present—such a  
long string, dear.—Fun.

McQuillen—Do you know, Curtis,  
that Miss Pen is the most modest  
girl I ever met.  
Curtis—I didn't know it; but I'm  
willing to take your word for it.  
McQuillen—Well, you may. Why,  
she is so modest that she even retires  
to another room to change her mind.  
—Ex.

Friend—Was your uncle's will sat-  
isfactory to you Brown?  
Brown—Perfectly so; I'm a lucky  
dog! He left his entire fortune to an  
insane asylum.  
You mean that you are an unlucky  
dog.  
No, I don't; the other relations are  
going to contest the will and I'm to  
be the attorney.—Life.

"I think," said the minister, who  
was visiting a parishioner, "that it is  
easier to coax children than to drive  
them. Gentle words are more effec-  
tive than harsh ones."  
"I think so too," said the lady ten-  
derly. Then she raised her window  
and suddenly shouted:  
"Johnnie, if you don't come in out  
of that mud-puddle I'll break your  
back!"—Columbus Dispatch.

Meeting Jim Webster, Uncle Mose  
could not help being astonished at the  
magnificent pants of Jim.  
"Dat's a mighty fine pair ob pants  
for sich a pore nigger as you am to  
be a wearin'."  
"Yes, dey's gorgus, an' no mistake."  
"How much mo' dey cost yer, an'  
whar did yer git 'em?"  
"Dey cost me two years in the  
Penitentiary of I tole."—Texas Sif-  
fers.

**Racing for \$200,000.**

Twenty-nine years ago St. Joseph,  
Missouri, was the western terminus of  
the railway systems of the country.  
Beyond St. Joseph the stage coach,  
ox teams and kindred methods of  
transportation were resorted to for  
the purpose of maintaining communi-  
cation with the Pacific slope. This  
coast was by that time pretty well set-  
tled, and business men began to wish  
for a rapid mail service.

In the winter of 1866 Wall street  
was at work in Washington endeavor-  
ing to get a subsidy of \$10,000,000  
for carrying the mails overland one  
year between New York and San  
Francisco.

William H. Russell, backed up by  
Secretary of War Floyd, looked up-  
on the scheme as a very extravagant  
proposition and said that he could put  
on a mail line from San Francisco to  
St. Joseph that would cover the dis-  
tance—1,950 miles—in ten days. So  
confident was he that he professed  
himself willing to wager \$200,000 on  
the proposition.

The schemers for the big mail con-  
tract felt bound to meet the bluff, and  
took up the wager, the 8th day of  
April, 1866, being fixed as the day of  
starting. A. B. Miller, Russell's part-  
ner, was positive that a pony ex-  
press could be established which would  
enable Russell to win his prodigious  
wager. There was no time to be lost,  
and Miller set about his task with en-  
ergy. He purchased 300 of the fleet-  
est horses that he could procure and  
secured the services of 125 men. Eighty  
of these men were selected as post-  
riders, and, of course, were espe-  
cially chosen for their light weight—  
the lighter the man the better for the  
horse, as some parts of the route had  
to be covered at the rate of twenty-  
five miles per hour. In establishing  
the relays the distance in each in-  
stance was determined by the char-  
acter of the country.

As a rule, the horses were station-  
ed from ten to twenty miles apart,  
and each rider had to make sixty  
miles. Two minutes were allowed for  
changing the animals and shifting the  
mails. If the stage stations were not  
at proper intervals a tent was put up  
sufficient to accommodate one man and  
two horses. By the day set for start-  
ing everything was in readiness, and  
before the smoke cleared away from  
the muzzle of the signal gun on the  
steamer Sacramento at the hour of  
noon, April 8th, 1866, Billy Baker,  
mounted on Border Ruffian, Miller's  
famous saddle-horse, dashed away to-  
wards the Sierras, covering his twenty-  
miles in forty-nine minutes.

Deep snow lay in the mountain  
passes, and to Salt Lake Valley slow  
time was made, so that from the val-  
ley on it was necessary to make extra  
fast speed to win the high wager.

All went well until the crossing at  
Julesburg was reached. To his dis-  
may the courier found the Platt river  
high in its banks and a strong cur-  
rent running. Fearlessly horse and  
rider plunged into the turbid stream,  
but only the man reached the oppo-  
site bank. His gallant steed mired  
in the quicksands and was drowned.  
The courier saved his precious mail-  
pouch and had to walk ten miles to  
the next relay station.

Johnny Fry was one of the famous  
men of his day on the border. Tough  
and wiry, he was as light as a cat,  
and as a rider he never knew an equal.  
To him fell the duty of riding the last  
sixty miles of the long race. He had  
six thoroughbred horses to do it with.

When the courier arrived at the  
sixty mile post out of St. Joseph, he  
was one hour behind time. Johnny  
had to make up that lost hour or the  
wager was lost. Miller considered all  
this when he selected Johnny Fry to  
make the final dash.

As the hour drew near for Fry's  
arrival at St. Joseph, thousands of  
people lined the river bank, gazing  
with feverish expectancy in the di-  
rection of the woods from which the  
horse and rider should emerge into  
the open country one mile from the  
finish.

Forty-seven minutes more and the  
wager would be lost, when suddenly  
a bright-eyed youngster caught sight  
of the anxiously looked-for courier,  
and the yell that went up from the  
crowd reached the ears of the rider a  
mile away.

Horse and rider fairly flew on the  
wings of the wind. Feathery flecks  
of foam streaked the panting flanks  
of the noble steed as he, with wide-  
distending nostrils, bore the courier  
to his journey's end, covering the last  
mile in one minute and fifty seconds.  
The little mare Sylph had won the  
wager, and there were forty-five min-  
utes and a fraction to spare.—Virgin-  
ian Chronicle.

The cold, haughty, purse-proud  
merchant prince who treats his rib-  
bon counter gentleman and gentle-  
men's underwear salesladies with mere

civility or chilling indifference had  
better beware. The time may come  
when their positions may be reversed.

"See here, Jinks," said one of these  
arrogant millionaires one day to a  
ninety-pound ribbon counter clerk,  
"you want to attend to your business  
better, young man, and not waste so  
much of your time flirting with that  
red headed underwear girl across the  
aisle, mind that!"

Enraged and humiliated the down-  
trodden ribbon counter serf vows and  
seeks revenge. His time comes soon,  
aye, that very night!

The purse-proud, cold-blooded mer-  
chant prince goes to the theater. He  
buys an admission ticket and stands  
up, being of an economical turn of  
mind.

"Let me pass, sir," says a calm,  
cold voice at his side. He looks  
down and beholds the ribbon-counter  
clerk in the magnificence of full dress  
with the underwear girl in flowing  
robes and sixteen button kids hang-  
ing to his, the eyes of the men meet,  
but there is no sign of recognition on  
the part of the ribbon counter clerk,  
only a cold haughty, fixed stare as he  
passed proudly on to the 83 seats re-  
served for him and the underwear  
girl, while the snubbed and humiliat-  
ed merchant prince stands on in the  
midst of his own bitter reflections.—  
Ex.

Two Arkansians engaged in conver-  
sation:  
"Say, Uncle Billy, you live in er  
pretty tough neighborhood, don't ye?"  
"Putty tough, Sam; putty tight on  
ther slack."

"Do you ever get in fights?"  
"No fights."  
"Whut do you do when er feller  
calls yer a liar?"  
"Well, I think that mebbe he  
knows more about it than I do, and  
jest let the thing rock along."

"Yes, an' spozen he calls yer er  
thief?"  
"Well I jest think that mebbe he's  
better posted than I am."

"Spozen he calls you a coward?"  
"I wouldn't argy with him."  
"Well, spozen he'd say that yer  
couldn't tell ther age uv er horse by  
lookin' in his mouth?"  
"What! me not know ther age uv  
er hoss? Wy, Sam, ef fer lawd wuz  
ter say that, he'd have me ter whup,  
right ther. Don't talk ter me Sam,  
don't talk ter me, fur it makes me  
mad ter think erbout it."—Tanna  
Herald.

Theodwinkle Brown comes into the  
house at 10 o'clock with a bleeding  
nose.  
Mrs. B.—Theo, what has happened?  
Mr. B.—Stumbled over a post that  
some idiot lay lying across the walk  
in the front yard out there.  
A post! you are mistaken. No one  
left a post out there.  
Couldn't I see it? It's moonlight,  
and bright as day.  
A post across the walk?  
You come out and look for yourself!  
See that post lying there? That's  
what done it.  
Theodwinkle Brown, that is noth-  
ing but the shadow of the trunk of  
that pine tree!

It is, eh! Well, what if it is!  
Don't you know (hie) that the shadow  
of a (hie) pine tree is just as hard to  
kick against and fall over as the (hie)  
shadow of a hickory tree? Sing lar!  
some women don't know anything  
after moonlight.—Free Press.

Butcher—What can I send you up  
to-day, Mrs. Styles?  
Mrs. Styles—Send me a leg of mut-  
ton, and be sure that it is from a  
black sheep.  
A black sheep?  
Yes; we are in mourning, you  
know.—Puck.

Brace Up.  
You are feeling depressed, your ap-  
petite is poor, you are bothered with  
headache, you are fatigued, nervous,  
and generally out of sorts, and want to  
brace up, but not with stimulants, spring  
medicines, or bitters, which have for their  
basis very cheap, bad whiskey, and which  
stimulate you for an hour, and then leave  
you in worse condition than before.  
What you want is an alternative that will  
purify your blood, start healthy action of  
liver and kidneys, restore your vitality,  
and give renewed health and strength.  
Such a medicine you will find in Electric  
Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at  
Gray's drug store.

"Retires to Millions"  
The newspaper stated, and how many  
women, probably, read the same, and  
envied her; for it was she to be envied,  
for in spite of her great wealth she was  
miserable. It was her lot, in common  
with millions of women, to suffer from  
those "chronic weaknesses" which are pecu-  
liar to the female sex. Miserable, nervous,  
and discouraged, she would gladly have  
given every dollar of her fortune for one  
brief installment of health. How easy and  
inexpensive would be the journey to health  
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